No. 13.] [NOVEMBER.] [Price 1s.

THE VIRGINIANS

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Author of "Esmond,"
"Vanity Fair,"
"The Newcomes,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1858.

☞ The Author reserves the right of Translation.

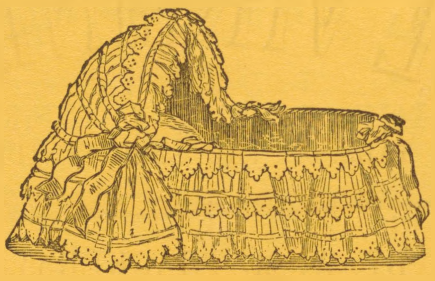
CHRISTENING-ROBES FOR PRESENTS,

2½ GUINEAS.

BABIES'

HOODS,

½ GUINEA.



BABIES'

CLOAKS,

1 GUINEA.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS.

Baby Linen, in Complete Sets, of Varied Qualities.
All the beautiful Materials
used in the business
Sold by the Yard.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau,"
as well as the inexpensive things required for the
"Indian Voyage."
White Dressing Gowns, 1 Guinea;
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;
Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.
THIS PART OF THE BUSINESS UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF MRS. TAYLOR.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Waterproof Riding Talma, 1½ Guinea.
Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.;
School ditto, 25s.
Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d.
Naval Cadets' Outfits, complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ TO 8 GUINEAS.

Linsey Riding Habits
for little Girls,
2½ Guineas.

Everything of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET.

W. G. TAYLOR.

Just Published, SECOND EDITION, with Large Additions,

In Foolscap 8vo, pp. 276, Price 4s.,

PRAYERS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP:

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM THE PSALTER AND OTHER PARTS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY ROBERT LEE, D.D.,

Regius Professor of Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, Minister of the Old Greyfriars', one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland.

THE approbation with which these Prayers have been received, and the rapid sale of the First Edition, have encouraged the Author to revise them carefully; in consequence, he has made some slight changes, chiefly of arrangement. He has now also completed his original design, by adding a Fourth Sunday's Prayers to the Three contained in the former edition; and by subjoining Services for the Administration of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper, for the Celebration of Marriage, and for the Burial of the Dead. Upon these compositions great pains have been bestowed. Some of them have been in hands for years, and have been re-written many times; so that, if they should be judged to want the qualities which should distinguish Prayers for Public Worship, the Author cannot plead haste or negligence.

The chief peculiarity of the services in this volume is the intermixture, with the Prayers, of appropriate Psalms, or portions of Psalms; thus furnishing to each member of the Congregation a kind of mental response, in the venerable and familiar language of Scripture, to the petitions which had just been uttered, in the plural number, in the name of the whole Congregation.

Deeply impressed with the desirableness of embodying in our devotional services, to a far greater extent than we have hitherto done, the inspired Songs and Prayers of the Sacred Volume, the Author has also collected all those Psalms and portions of Psalms which appeared to him suitable for Christian Worship; and he has added to these a selection of passages which, though not comprehended in the Psalter, should be reckoned Psalms as much as any that are found in that collection—being not only devotional in sentiment, and poetical in spirit, but metrical and in many cases lyrical in the outward form of composition. We deprive ourselves of a great means of edification when we permit these rich treasures to lie unused.

On the whole, the Author ventures to hope that this volume, in its present form, may, by the Divine blessing, contribute in some humble measure to promote the objects he has had in view in composing it—to afford to Colonists and to Families and Individuals the means of edification when they are cut off from Public Worship, and to draw the attention of his Clerical Brethren to the subject of Public Worship more than it may have hitherto been; and also perhaps to aid some of them in their efforts to improve it.

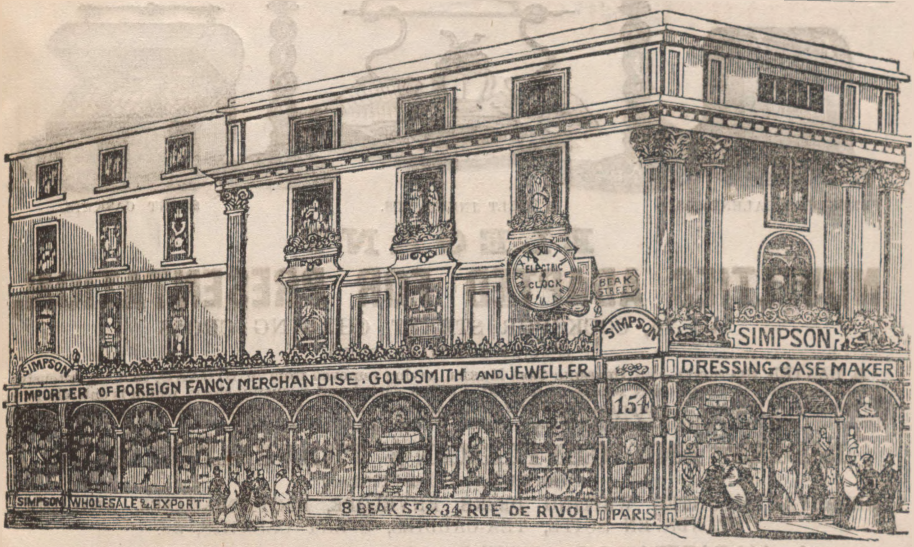
From the Daily Scotsman of December 28, 1857.

"These Prayers are simple in their structure, devotional and catholic in their spirit, scriptural in language and in sentiment. They have, in fact, much of the richness, the dignity, and the *unction* which characterise the best portions of the liturgy of the Church of England. They are in these respects just what any one who has attended worship in Dr Lee's church would be led to expect. For, admirable as the Rev. Doctor's sermons are universally admitted to be, it is in his devotional services that he surpasses all other Presbyterian preachers in Scotland. It may be added, that though in perusing this volume one is often reminded of the Book of Common Prayer, yet there is none of that *quoting* from it, or even *copying* it, which has become so much the fashion among our younger clergy. The resemblance arises from the purity and rather antique cast of the language, but chiefly, we believe, from the author's study of the ancient liturgies, from which the greater part of the Book of Common Prayer is derived."

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES, 61 Princes Street.
London: HOULSTON & WRIGHT, Paternoster Row.

No. XIII.—November, 1858.

VIRGINIANS ADVERTISER.



T. A. SIMPSON & CO.

(T. A. Simpson, from Messrs. Howell, James, & Co.),

154, REGENT STREET, AND 8, BEAK STREET.

WEDDING AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO., Goldsmiths, Jewellers, Watch and Clock Manufacturers, and Importers of every description of Fancy Novelties and Articles of Vertù and Utility, beg respectfully to inform their Patrons, the Nobility and Gentry, that they are constantly receiving from their agents at Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, every novelty in fancy manufactures as soon as produced, and as the greater portion of T. A. S. & Co.'s stock is manufactured expressly for them, their selection is unrivalled, and calculated to maintain the well-known reputation of their house.

For the guidance of those who may be unable to honour their establishment with a visit, T. A. S. & Co. submit the following limited quotation from their Stock, assuring them that any commands intrusted to their care will meet with their best and prompt attention:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
French Drawing-room Clocks, from	2	2	0 to	50	0	0
French Dining-room Clocks ... ,,	1	5	0 ,,	20	0	0
Ladies' Gold Watches ..... ,,	4	4	0 ,,	50	0	0
Silver Watches ..... ,,	2	10	0 ,,	20	0	0
Gold Guard Chains ..... ,,	2	2	0 ,,	18	0	0
Gold Albert Chains ..... ,,	1	15	0 ,,	18	0	0
Silver-mounted Smelling Bottles ,,	0	2	6 ,,	5	10	0
Gold-mounted ditto ..... ,,	2	10	0 ,,	12	10	0
Gold and Enamel Lockets..... ,,	0	10	0 ,,	15	0	0
Gold Necklet Chains, with pendants ..... ,,	2	5	0 ,,	50	0	0
Gold and Silver Pencil-cases... ,,	0	2	6 ,,	8	10	6
Full Dress and other Fans ... ,,	0	1	0 ,,	10	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, electro-plated ..... ,,	1	10	0 ,,	15	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, silver-fitted ..... ,,	5	10	0 ,,	100	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing-cases ... ,,	1	0	0 ,,	50	0	0

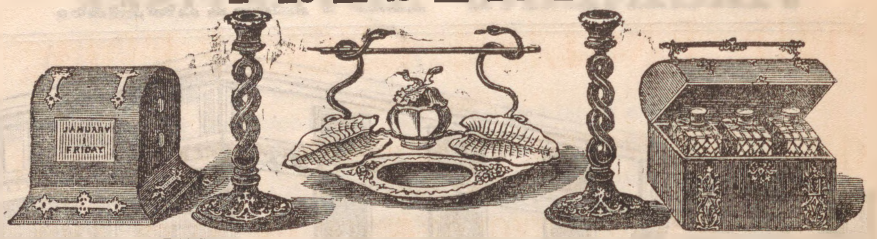
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Work-boxes, in choice woods, from	0	8	6 to	10	0	0
Writing-desks, ditto ..... ,,	0	10	6 ,,	15	0	0
Jewel-cases and Caskets..... ,,	1	1	0 ,,	30	0	0
Envelope cases and Blotters... ,,	1	8	0 ,,	10	0	0
Letter-weighers (Simpson's)... ,,	0	8	6 ,,	6	10	0
Walnut-wood Inkstands ..... ,,	0	8	6			
Morocco Carriage Bags ..... ,,	0	10	0 ,,	10	0	0
Ladies' Morocco Bags, fitted with every requisite for dressing, writing, and working ... ,,	3	10	0 ,,	65	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing Bags ... ,,	3	15	0 ,,	45	0	0
Opera-glasses ..... ,,	0	10	6 ,,	12	10	0
Bronze and Ormolu Candlesticks ..... ,,	0	5	0 ,,	9	10	0
Ditto Candelabra... ..... ,,	3	0	0 ,,	35	0	0
Ormolu Card-trays ..... ,,	0	7	6 ,,	4	10	0
Ormolu Mounted Vases..... ,,	0	6	6 ,,	10	0	0
Bagatelle Boards ..... ,,	2	0	0 ,,	20	0	0

Gold, Silver, Jet, and Gilt Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Earrings, Studs, Pins, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices. Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Card-trays, Candelabra, Tazzas, Tapers, Match-boxes, Miniature Frames for the Table, Opera-glasses, Toilet-bottles and Cases, Letter-clips, Trinket-boxes, Ring-stands, Watch-stands, Pen-trays, Glove and Netting-boxes, Paper-knives, Carriage-bags, Reticules, Portmonnaies, Chess and Backgammon-boards, Card-cases, Vinaigrettes, Fuzee-cases, Fruit-knives, Hand-screens, &c., &c., and a large Stock of other Articles suitable for Presents, but too various to enumerate.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,

154, Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, London; and at 34, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

PRESENTS.



PERPETUAL CALENDARS. GILT INKSTANDS. SCENT CASKETS.

ELEGANT
NOVELTIES ADAPTED FOR PRESENTATION,

AT 16, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS
(FACING THE HAYMARKET).

E. BAXTER, STATIONER AND DRESSING-CASE MAKER, having removed from 79, STRAND, to more extensive premises, as above, respectfully solicits an inspection of his varied and beautiful stock, which is entirely new for the present Season. It comprises in the Cabinet Department all the new patterns of Ladies and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, with Silver and Plated fittings, Desks, Workboxes, Tea-Caddies, &c.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TRAVELLING BAGS.

With Silver and Plated Fittings.

MEDIÆVAL MOUNTED WRITING DESKS, ENVELOPE, BLOTTING-CASES, AND INK-STANDS EN SUITE, TEA-CADDIES, SCENT CASKETS, &c.

A VARIETY OF ARTICLES IN INLAID BUHL.

A large selection of

DRINKING FLASKS,	JEWEL CASES,	SPORTING KNIVES,
LIQUEUR, PIC-NIC, AND SANDWICH CASES,	KEY AND LETTER BOXES,	NEEDLES, [CASES,
WORK RETICULES,	MORDAN'S GOLD PENS,	GENTLEMEN'S INSTRUMENT
CARD CASES,	„ GOLD PENCIL CASES,	LADIES' do.
TOILET BOTTLES,	„ SILVER do.	PAPER KNIVES,
TABLETS,	„ LETTER BALANCES,	BOOK SLIDES,
FANS,	RAZORS,	STRING BARRELS,
PORTE-MONNAIES,	SCISSORS,	MATCH BARRELS,
	PENKNIVES,	CROCHET CASES, &c.

BAGSTER'S POLYGLOT BIBLES AND CHURCH SERVICES.

A splendid assortment of PARISIAN WORKS OF ART will be found in the Fancy Department, E. B. receiving monthly from his Agent in Paris every novelty immediately on its production.

BAXTER, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

Depot for DE LA RUE and Co.'s Stationery and Manufactures.

Just Published,

DE LA RUE & Co.'s INDELIBLE RED LETTER POCKET DIARIES,
For 1859.

In upwards of Fifty varieties of binding, suited alike for Private and Commercial use, and well adapted as a Gift of Friendship for the New Year.

16, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS.

DE LA RUE & CO.'S VICTORIA PLAYING CARDS.

DE LA RUE & Co.'s COMMERCIAL, COMPLIMENTARY, INDIA, AND FOREIGN, MOURNING AND WEDDING STATIONERY AND ENVELOPES IN EVERY VARIETY.

The following comprises a few of the articles manufactured by DE LA RUE & CO., a variety of which are always on view.

DESPATCH BOXES.	LADIES' ENVELOPE AND BLOTTING CASES.
TRAVELLING DESKS.	LADIES' DESKS AND WRITING CASES.
PORTABLE WRITING CASES.	LIBRARY STATIONERY CASES AND INKSTANDS.
ALBUMS AND SCRAP BOOKS.	MANIFOLD LETTER WRITERS.
MUSIC, DRAWING, AND SKETCH BOOKS.	CARD CASES, POCKET BOOKS, NOTE CASES,
MANUSCRIPT AND ADDRESS BOOKS.	&c. &c. &c.

E. BAXTER, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

(*In Four Divisions*)

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TO BE COMPLETED IN SIX VOLUMES.

The publication of the Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences will commence on the First of January, 1859. *The matter which it will embrace includes, with the Cyclopædias of Geography, Natural History, and Biography, the entire body of information contained in "THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA" (the copyright of which belongs to the proprietors of the English Cyclopædia), adapted to the existing state of knowledge. The delay in the issue of the* FOURTH *and last Division of the English Cyclopædia has been indispensable, in order that the revision of the original articles, and the additions, so essential to exhibit the progress of the Physical Sciences and their application to the Arts, may be accomplished in a manner to entitle this work to rank as one of the highest authority.*

The following List exhibits the leading departments of the CYCLOPÆDIA of ARTS and SCIENCES; and the Names of some of the numerous Contributors are subjoined:

PRINCIPAL SUBJECTS.	CONTRIBUTORS.
MATHEMATICS	G. B. AIRY, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, Astronomer Royal.
ASTRONOMY	A. DE MORGAN, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics at University College, London.
OPTICS	REV. R. SHEEPSHANKS, A.M. (the late), Trinity College, Cambridge.
MATHEMATICAL, ASTRONOMICAL, AND OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS	REV. R. MURPHY (the late), Caius College, Cambridge.
ACOUSTICS	A. ROSS.
DYNAMICS	
ELECTRICITY—MAGNETISM	
METEOROLOGY	
CHEMISTRY	DR. DAY.—R. PHILLIPS, F.R.S. (the late).—W. BALEY, M.D.—DR. BECKER (the late), of Berlin.—G. BUDD, M.D.—R. DICKSON, M.D.—DR. GREENHILL, Trinity College, Oxford.—C. J. JOHNSTONE, M.D. (the late).—J. SIMON, M.D.—T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, M.D.—W. COULSON.—J. FARISH, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—J. PAGET, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—W. YOUATT (the late), Veterinary Surgery.
MATERIA MEDICA, MEDICINE, SURGERY	
FINE ARTS, SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, &c.	SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, President of Royal Academy.—R. FORD.—SIR EDMUND HEAD.—H. HOWARD, R.A. (the late), Professor of Painting, Royal Academy.—R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—R. N. WORNUM, Curator of the National Gallery.—W. HOSKING, Professor of Architecture at King's College.—W. H. LEEDS.—W. AYRTON, F.R.S., F.S.A. (the late).
BUILDING AND ENGINEERING	
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
NAVIGATION AND MILITARY SCIENCES	PROFESSOR DAVIES, Woolwich.
	HON. CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, R.N.
	J. NARRIEN, Professor of Mathematics, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.
	MAJOR PROCTER, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.
RURAL ECONOMY	REV. W. HICKEY.
	REV. W. L. RHAM (the late), Vicar of Winkfield.
MANUFACTURES AND MACHINERY	T. BRADLEY, Professor of Geometrical Drawing, Woolwich, and King's College, London.—EDWARD COWPER (the late), Professor of Manufacturing Art and Machinery, King's College, London.—G. DODD.—E. NORRIS, Royal Asiatic Society.—A. ROSS.—J. T. STANESBY.—A. URE, M.D., F.R.S. (the late).
PHILOLOGY	T. H. KEY, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Comparative Grammar at University College, London.—W. D. CHRISTIE, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—J. HOPPUS, Professor of Mental Philosophy, University College, London.—GEORGE LONG, A.M.—REV. A. J. W. MORRISON, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—T. E. MAY, Barrister-at-Law, House of Commons.—G. R. PORTER, F.R.S. (the late), Sec. of the Board of Trade.
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY	
GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL ECONOMY	
LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE	J. H. BURTON, Advocate, Edinburgh.—B. F. DUPPA (the late), Barrister-at-Law.—T. FALCONER, Barrister-at-Law.—D. JARDINE, A.M., Barrister-at-Law.—GEORGE LONG, A.M.—J. J. LONSDALE, Barrister-at-Law.—MR. SERJEANT MANNING.—J. STARK, Advocate-General of Ceylon.—W. J. TAYLER, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—G. WILLMORE, A.M. (the late), Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

This day is published, in Four Volumes, demy 8vo, price 36s., and Illustrated by 32 Steel Engravings and numerous Woodcuts

THE

POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIME TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

(WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.)

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

In a Postscript to the Fourth Volume, which concludes this Period, the author says,—"It is now almost the invariable custom in all competitions of students, to divide their examinations in English History into two great eras—the period before the Revolution, and the more modern period. For the period to 1689, either Hume's or Lingard's Histories have been generally chosen as the works to be studied. I may venture to affirm that, in our immediate day, the growth of a sounder public opinion repudiates such a choice of either of these books, in some respects so valuable. The political prejudices of Hume, —the ecclesiastical convictions of Lingard,—render them very unsafe guides in the formation of the principles of the youth of this kingdom. Without pretending that I have supplied the want, I trust that I have made some approaches to such a result, by an earnest desire to present a true picture of past events and opinions, as far as I could realise them." For the reason thus stated, the narrative of public events, and all the subsidiary details of this First Division of the Popular History are treated as forming a Separate and Complete Work; with which view a Copious Index is added to the Four Volumes.

The Second Division will come down to that period of the reign of her present Majesty which has become a constitutional epoch in the important change of the commercial policy of the country.

*** *The First Number of the next portion, being No. XXXIII. of the work, was published on the 1st of October.*

"The Popular History of England of Charles Knight is of a somewhat higher price (comparing it with works issuing in penny numbers); but the plates, as well as the paper, are greatly superior, and its literary merits are of a very high order. Indeed, nothing has ever appeared superior, if anything has been published equal to the account of the state of commerce, government, and society at different periods."—Lord Brougham's *Address on Popular Literature, at the Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, October 12, 1858.

"Meantime, we very cordially recommend Mr. Knight's volumes to the readers whom they seek. We know of no history of England so free from prejudice, so thoroughly honest and impartial, so stored with facts, fancies, and illustrations,—and therefore none so well adapted for school or college as this 'Popular History of England.'"—*Athenæum.*

"As an immense store-house—some two thousand pages of facts bearing upon the history, religion, literature, arts, manners, and life of England from the Romans to the Revolution of 1688, Knight's Popular History of England is beyond all question a very remarkable work. Not the least remarkable feature in it perhaps is the freshness of feeling and the catholicity of mind which still inspires a man, whom many yet associate with nothing else than the utilitarianism of the 'Useful Knowledge Society.'"—*Spectator.*

"Mr. Knight's Book well deserves its name; it will be emphatically popular, and it will gain its popularity by genuine merit. It is as good a book of the kind as ever was written."—*Westminster Review.*

"It is not the history we have been accustomed to read—it is not stately, pompous narrative, sounding description, characters created for princes, statesmen, and warriors, as these dignitaries might be fancied to have thought, spoken, or acted; it is, in fact, just the reverse. It is a narrative at all times spirited, often conversational, of the most important movements of the nation, and of the nation's intellect, and of the men whose intellects and acts framed or swayed the national character, drawn from a careful collection of the ample sources which are now available to every student. It is a careful selection and appreciation of the results of the acts, laws, and customs which influenced society, and either produced or flowed from particular phases of national character. There is another feature in this work that must be noticed with commendation—the judicious and abundant use of woodcut illustrations and portraits. The qualities we have indicated as the distinguishing characteristics of the work are very prominently displayed in the occasional snatches of foreign history, which are necessary to render more intelligible and interesting the annals of our own island. But, as already mentioned, the striking feature of the popular history is its devotion to the really important object of a historian's labours, to the illustration of the formation, growth, and development of the national character and national mind."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

NEW WORK ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

This day is published, in post 8vo, with numerous Plans and Illustrations, price 12s.

HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN:

INTENDED AS

A GENERAL GUIDE IN CHOOSING, FORMING, OR IMPROVING AN ESTATE,

(From a Quarter of an Acre to a Hundred Acres in Extent,)

WITH REFERENCE TO BOTH DESIGN AND EXECUTION.

By EDWARD KEMP,

Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park.

"The best work on Practical Landscape Gardening which has appeared in this country."
GARDENERS' CHRONICLE.

CONTENTS:

PART I.—THE CHOICE OF A PLACE.

Roads and Convenience of Access.
Nature of the surrounding Property and Neighbourhood, present and prospective.
Former Uses of the Place.
Relative Elevation of the District.
Character of the Soil.
Form or Outline of the Land.
Aspect and Climate.
Existing Shelter and Furniture.
Views to be obtained from it.
Site and Aspect for a House.
Back and front Approaches to it.

PART II.—WHAT TO AVOID.

Attempting too much.
Rockeries and Rustic Objects near the House.
Much planting immediately around a House.
Belts, Clumps, and narrow strips of Plantation.
Confining a place too much.
Rendering it too exposed.
Cutting down many large Trees.
Too great a Mixture of Styles.
Unsuitable Decorations.
Tricks for Surprising People.
All kinds of Eccentricity: every sort of Sham.
Undue Plainness.
In general, extreme Formality or Regularity of Plan.
Large and complex Geometrical Figures.
Carriage Drives that are wanting in Length.
Kitchen Gardens in very small Places.

PART III.—WHAT TO ATTAIN.

I. GENERAL PRINCIPLES.
Simplicity.
Intricacy.
Convenience.
Compactness.
Snugness and Seclusion.
Unity and Congruity.
Connexion.
Symmetry.
Gradation of Parts.
Apparent Extent.
Richness and Polish.
Concealment of Offices and Outbuildings.
Variety.
Contrast.
Originality and Freshness: Modes of attaining them.
Expression and Tone.
Style and Manner.
Adaptation.
Fitness.
Appropriation.
Imitation of Nature.
Beauty.
Combination of different Principles to form a whole.

II. GENERAL OBJECTS.
Economy.
Shelter.
Approaches to a House.
Treatment of Walks.
Fences.
Outlines of Beds and Masses.
Sky outline of Plantations.
Flowers chiefly to be in detached Flower-borders. [beds and masses.
Specimen plants.
Undergrowth.
Evergreens.
Architectural gardening.

III. PARTICULAR OBJECTS.
Influence of little things on Design and Execution.
Mounds and Banks.
Trees suited to particular styles of buildings and places.
Masses of particular plants for effect as to form and colour.
Shadows from Trees.
Covered ways, Wire Temples, Trellises, Verandahs, and other supports for Climbing Plants.
Flower-beds to be filled with low potted Evergreens in the winter.
Substitutes for Grass beneath Trees.
Hedge-rows.
Temporary shelter.
Edgings for Walks and Flower-beds.

IV. SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.
Park, Field, or Paddock.
Flower-garden.
Rock or Fern Garden.
Rose Garden.
Pinetum.
Winter Garden.
Bowling Green.
Water.
Arbours.
Statuary.
Green-houses and Conservatories.
Kitchen Garden.
Aviaries; Apiaries; Grottoes.
Lodges and Entrances.
Sea-side Gardens.
Town or Suburban Gardens.
Villages and Village Gardens.
Compact Combination of Parts in a Place.

PART IV.—PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

Drainage.
Levelling Hedge-rows.
Formation of Roads and Walks.
Ground-work.
Preparation of Ground for Planting and Grass.
Dealing with the Picturesque.
Planting for immediate effect.
Time and Manner of Planting.
Choice of Plants and mode of obtaining them.
Supporting and Staking newly planted Trees.
Sowing down Grass Seeds.
Preparation of Borders for Fruit Trees in Kitchen Garden.
Plants suited for particular localities.
Order in which the different operations should be performed.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

On the 1st November will be published, price 2s. 6d.,

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1859.

With Illustrations by JOHN LEECH and JOHN TENNIEL.

OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

POPULAR EDITION OF MR. FORSTER'S LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

In crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d., with Forty Woodcuts, after designs by STANFIELD, MACLISE, LEECH, DOYLE, *and* HAMERTON,

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY JOHN FORSTER.

Barrister-at-Law. Author of "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

*** *A Library Edition of the same Work is also published, in Two Volumes, 8vo, uniform with "Murray's British Classics."*

"No author in this productive and charming department of Literature has ever exhibited so wide a range of knowledge and sympathy; and though his hero had become a hackneyed topic, the originality with which the work is conceived and executed, the vast variety of facts, anecdotes, and letters, which are now produced for the first time, the new and more truthful light in which the old materials are disposed, render these Memoirs as fresh and novel as though Mr. Forster had been the first biographer of the poet, instead of the last . . . . This is real BIOGRAPHY."—*Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1854.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

WORKS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

In Eight Volumes, crown 8vo, price 4s. each,

THE COLLECTED EDITION OF THE WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

VOL. 1.—ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.

VOL. 2.—MEN OF CHARACTER.

CONTENTS:—Job Pippins: the Man who "couldn't help it"—Jack Runnymede: the Man of "many thanks"—Adam Buff: the Man "without a Shirt"—Matthew Clear: the Man "who saw his way"—John Applejohn: the Man who "meant well"—Barnaby Palms: the Man who "felt his way"—Christopher Snob: who was "born to be hanged"—Creso Quattrino: the Man "who died rich."

VOL. 3.—MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.—THE STORY OF A FEATHER.—THE SICK GIANT AND THE DOCTOR DWARF.

VOL. 4.—CAKES AND ALE.

CONTENTS:—The Lesson of Life—Perditus Mutton, who bought a Caul—The Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner—The Romance of a Key-hole—Mr. Peppercorn "at Home"—The Preacher's Parrot—The Lives of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson—Shakespeare at "Bankside"—The Wine Cellar, a "Morality"—Kind Cousin Tom—The Manager's Pig—The Tapestry Weaver of Beauvais—The Genteel Pigeons—Shakespeare in China—The Order of Poverty—A Gossip at Reculvers—The Old Man at the Gate—The Epitaph of Sir Hugh Evans.

VOL. 5.—PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON, AND COMPLETE LETTER WRITER—SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH.

VOL. 6.—A MAN MADE OF MONEY.

VOL. 7.—COMEDIES:

CONTENTS:—Bubbles of the Day—Time Works Wonders—The Catspaw—The Prisoner of War—Retired from Business—St. Cupid, or Dorothy's Fortune.

*** *These are also sold separately, price* 1s. *each.*

VOL. 8.—COMEDIES AND DRAMAS:

CONTENTS:—The Rent Day—Nell Gwynne—The Housekeeper—The Wedding Gown—The Schoolfellows—Doves in a Cage—The Painter of Ghent—Black-eyed Susan.

THE FOLLOWING ARE PUBLISHED SEPARATELY:—

	s.	d.
THE CAUDLE LECTURES . . .	1	0
THE STORY OF A FEATHER . . .	2	0
PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON . .	1	6
THE LESSON OF LIFE—THE LIVES OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON .	1	6
SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH . . .	1	6

BRADBURY AND EVANS 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MR. THACKERAY'S ESMOND.

A Story of Queen Anne's Reign.

New and Cheaper Edition, post 8vo, price 6s. cloth.

MR. THACKERAY'S

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS.

New and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, CORNHILL.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATE

Is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; manufactured solely by R. and J. SLACK. It has stood 15 years' test, and still retains its superiority over all others for durability and silver-like appearance.

PRICE OF A SERVICE, SILVER ELECTRO-PLATED.

	Electro-Plated Fiddle Pattern.	Strong Plated Fiddle Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	King's & Thread with Shell.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 Mustard do.	0 1 6	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 3 0
6 Egg do.	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 6	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 12 6
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
1 Fish Knife	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 15 6	0 18 6
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 5 9	0 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 9	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 5 0
	£8 19 6	£11 5 9	£14 3 3	£17 5 6

Slack's Warranted Table Cutlery and Furnishing Ironmongery

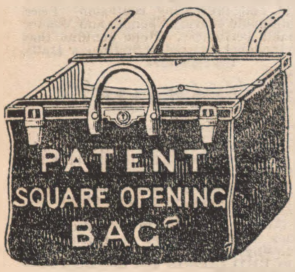
Has been celebrated for nearly 50 years for QUALITY and CHEAPNESS.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK solicit an inspection of their extensive Stock of Fenders, Fire Irons, Paper and Japan Tea Trays, Patent Dish Covers, Tea Urns, Baths, and every requisite in Furnishing Ironmongery, which from their simple but satisfactory plan of marking every article at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES consistent with quality, will fully convince Purchasers of the advantage of selecting from their Establishment.

Illustrated Priced Catalogues gratis and Post-free. Orders above £2 delivered Carriage-free per Rail.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,

336, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).



ALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Dressing-Cases, Travelling-Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN, Manufacturers,
18 and 22, Strand.

REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, Incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, from a Photograph by MAYALL, engraved on Steel by D. J. POUND, with a Memoir, is the Premium Portrait presented with No. 39 of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the WORLD, and NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES, of Saturday, October 30. Price only 6d.; by post, 7d.; the Portrait alone worth 2s. 6d. The following Portraits are already published, are constantly kept in print, and *may still be had* with the following Numbers *of all Booksellers and Newsvendors, and at the Railway Stations*:—With No. 1. Princess Frederick William of Prussia.—2. Prince Frederick William of Prussia.—6. Lord Palmerston.—8. Dr. Livingstone.—11. Sir Colin Campbell.—13. The Duke of Cambridge.—15. Lord John Russell.—17. The Bishop of Oxford.—18. Sir W. F. Williams.—19. Lord Panmure.—20. Hon. George M. Dallas.—21. General Windham, C. B.—22. Lord Chelmsford.—23. Sir Fitzroy Kelly.—24. Lord Campbell.—25. Professor Faraday.—26. Marquis of Salisbury.—27. Earl of Shaftesbury.—28. Rev. H. Stowell Brown.—29. J. A. Roebuck, Esq., M.P.—30. Miss Amy Sedgwick.—31. Albert Smith, Esq.—32. Miss Arabella Goddard.—33. T. S. Duncombe, Esq, M.P.—34. Lord Stanley, M.P.—35. Mademoiselle Piccolomini.—36. Charles Dickens, Esq.—37. Madame Alboni.—38. Duke of Malakoff.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, and 16, without a Portrait, to complete sets, 4d. each. May also be had in Fortnightly Parts, at 1s., containing Two Portraits; Monthly Parts, at 2s., containing Four Portraits. Volume I., containing Twenty-one Portraits and Memoirs, beautifully bound, price only 15s., is now ready. The cheapest volume ever published.

Office for Advertisements, 199, STRAND.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

THIS excellent Family Pill is a medicine of long-tried efficacy for purifying the blood, and correcting all disorders of the stomach and bowels. Two or three doses will convince the afflicted of its salutary effects. The stomach will speedily regain its strength, a healthy action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys, will rapidly take place, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking this medicine, according to the directions accompanying each box.

PERSONS of a FULL HABIT, who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy juvenile bloom to the complexion.

These Pills unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect; and for elderly people, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted. In consequence of the great and increasing demand, the Proprietor has obtained permission from her Majesty's Commissioners to have the name and address of

"THOMAS PROUT, 229, STRAND, LONDON,"

impressed upon the Government Stamp, affixed to each box.—Sold by all vendors of medicine.

GOWLAND'S LOTION

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

TRAVELLERS and all persons exposed to the weather at this variable season will immediately on the application of this celebrated Herbal preparation, experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains

GREAT PURITY, DELICACY, AND VIVACITY OF COMPLEXION,

removes freckles, spots, and pimples, and promotes healthy action, and elasticity of the skin. Its soothing and restorative qualities in cases of relaxed or irritable state of the skin are unrivalled.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor, E. C. BOURNE, 19, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, engraved on the Government Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Price, half-pints, 2s. 9d.; pints, 5s. 6s.; quarts, 8s. 6d.

Important to every man who keeps

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,

77, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Beware of spurious imitations.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE COUGH BY

DR LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

From the Author of the "Narrative of the Second Sikh War."

"I had long suffered from a deep-seated cough, when Providence placed in my way a box of your Pulmonic Wafers. I experienced instantaneous relief, and have such a high estimate of their efficacy that I firmly believe they would effect the cure of the most consumptive person. You may make any use you please of this letter. EDWARD JOSEPH THACKWELL, Lieut. 3rd Light Dragoons, Union Club, London."

Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all disorders of the Breath and Lungs.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION.—Every box of the GENUINE medicine has the words "Dr. LOCOCK'S WAFERS" in WHITE LETTERS ON A RED GROUND in the Government stamp, and without which words ALL ARE COUNTERFEITS AND AN IMPOSITION.

PIESSE & LUBIN

PERFUMERY FACTORS.

GLYCERINE JELLY, (2s. Jars.)

Exquisite for the Hands and Skin. Renders them soft, white, and healthy.

2, New Bond Str.

LONDON.

PHILLIPSON AND CO.'S NEW PERFUME.

"LA DUCHESSE."

The most refreshing and durable of the day. For the Ball-room, Theatre, and crowded Assembly, it is indispensable. It possesses great *sanatory* qualities, it is highly conducive to the preservation of health; it invigorates the nerves; while in the sick room it is invaluable, reviving the invalid and preventing contagion. Price 3s. 6d. Obtainable of every Chemist and Vendor of fashionable Perfumery. None genuine that has not on the label (entered at Stationers' Hall), the *signature*

Phillipson & C°

1, Budge Row, St. Paul's, London, E.C.

The POMADE, 3s. 6d.; the SOAP, 1s. 6d.; the OIL, 3s. 6d.; the COSMETIQUE, 1s. & 2s.

TO SHIPPERS & those going abroad. Assortments of Perfumery put up to suit EVERY CLIMATE, are always ready, from £10 to £100. and Catalogues forwarded free on application.

Should there be difficulty in obtaining these preparations of any Chemist or Perfumer, a letter (enclosing a Post Office Order or Postage Stamps), to PHILLIPSON and Co., shall have immediate attention.

Be sure to ask for PHILLIPSON & CO.'S *the original and only genuine.*

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ARTICLE EVER KNOWN,

In the GROWTH and IMPROVEMENT of the HUMAN HAIR, is

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Proved beyond question by its successful results for MORE than HALF A CENTURY past, and when other specifics have failed.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the Patronage of ROYALTY, the NOBILITY, and the ARISTOCRACY throughout Europe; while its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the high esteem in which it is universally held, with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.—Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, AND SOFT AND FAIR HANDS AND ARMS,

Are realized by the use of

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

This Royally-patronized and universally esteemed Specific exerts the most soothing, cooling, and purifying action on the Skin, eradicates FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, SPOTS, DISCOLORATION and other CUTANEOUS VISITATIONS, and renders

The Skin Clear, Fair, and Blooming.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH

Are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

Or PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of ORIENTAL INGREDIENTS, is of inestimable value in

IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH,

STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

And in Rendering the Breath Sweet and Pure.

It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

SOLD BY A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

*** BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

Supersedes Eau de Cologne as a Tonic and refreshing Lotion, a reviving Perfume for crowded places, and a powerful disinfectant. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

RIMMEL'S LOVE'S MYRTLE BRIDAL BOUQUET, & WILD VIOLET,

Are the leading Perfumes this season.

RIMMEL'S HONEY, GLYCERINE, SKIN AND WINDSOR SOAPS, In 1 lb. bars, price 1s.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by E. RIMMEL, 96, Strand, London, and Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.

—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perukeian Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

		Inches.	Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.		
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10*s.*

THE GUINEA-AND-HALF VELVET JACKET.

An exceedingly rich Velvet. The Shape worn by the Empress. Style, economy, comfort, and durability. The most becoming Jacket ever produced. For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders required.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

THE GUINEA-AND-HALF VELVET MANTLE.

A splendid Velvet, quilted with Satin throughout. Worth 3½ guineas.

THE MOST EXQUISITE MANTLE EVER IMPORTED, PRICE FOUR GUINEAS.

THE HALF-GUINEA CLOTH JACKET.

A very pretty shape, just from Paris; to be had in all the fashionable colours.

OUR NEW FRENCH WINTER CLOAK.

The Parisian Shapes this season are exceedingly pretty. Our Cloak at a Guinea is well worthy of attention. A fresh arrival from Paris every Thursday.

THE GUINEA SEAL-SKIN MANTLE

AND

THE GUINEA SEAL-SKIN OUT-DOOR JACKET.

FRENCH MERINOS.

The French Muslin Company have bought the Stock of M. LEFETTE & Co., Bankrupts, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, Manufacturers of French Merinos, at a discount of 48½ per cent. from the cost. There are all the new Colours. The new Brown is exceedingly good, that they manufactured for this season. Patterns free.

LINDSEY PETTICOATS, MADE UP.

The French Muslin Company are receiving weekly importations of very superior Lindsey Petticoats, of a shape only just out. They far surpass for gracefulness and comfort any before imported. The price is 10s. 9d. and 15s. 6d.—about 5s. under the usual price. Patterns post free.

THE PATENT REVERSIBLE PETTICOAT, OR TWO PETTICOATS IN ONE, made up, Price 17s. 6d.

A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS AT A SINGULARLY LOW PRICE.

A simple Check in every colour; the material is Cashmere, with rich Ducape, Side Trimming in French Blue, Nut Brown, Violet, Black, and the New Green, edged with Velvet. The Skirt is lined throughout, the material for the Bodice included. Price 14s. 9d. If with our New-shaped Jacket, made and elaborately trimmed with Velvet, 3s. 9d. extra.

OUR NEW FLOUNCED DRESS.

It is made up, Lined and Trimmed with Ducape and Velvet, with material for Bodice, price 24s. 6d. If with our New Rosaline Jacket, 28s. 6d. A Miniature Dress sent free. Post Office Orders payable to JAMES REID.

THE GUINEA FRENCH MERINO DRESS.

Made up in all the fashionable Colours, and Lined, with material for Bodice; a remarkably useful Dress. If with our Rosaline Jacket, 24s. 9d. Patterns post free.

DOUBLE TWILLS IN EVERY SHADE OF COLOUR.

From 7s. 9d. upwards, made up with Jacket complete. An excellent variety of every kind of useful Dress made up.

THE MOIRE ANTIQUE DRESS, 25s.

A magnificent Dress, with rich Satin Stripes, by far the handsomest Dress for the price ever offered. Patterns free.

FRENCH SLEEVES,

Prettily trimmed, very elegant, and a great comfort. The colours are cherry, French blue, rose, emerald, canary, brown, ruby, violet, French grey, pink, sky, drab, and black. Price 1s. 9½d. Two pairs, post free, for 4s. in stamps. Scarfs to match the same, 1s. 0½d. each.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

TRELOAR'S
COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING

IS THE BEST.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.

Catalogues, containing Prices, and every particular, post free.

WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN, BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which, for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 96, New Street, Birmingham;

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

STRACHAN & CO., DEALERS IN FINE TEA,

26, CORNHILL, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

TO TEA DRINKERS.—War with China is ended, the Treaty of Tien-Tsin is signed, and open communication with the Chinese Tea-grower is a fact beyond recall. This is welcome news for the Tea-consumer, as the difficulty in procuring *fine* Tea has been gradually increasing for years past, owing to the competition among the Retail Dealers, in making *cheapness*—not *goodness*—their standard, thereby encouraging the importation of low qualities. Hence, out of an annual consumption of 70,000,000 lbs., not a "*Teath*" part thereof can be honestly called *fine*; therefore, it must be obvious to all consumers that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to procure really "fine Tea."

It is a fallacy to suppose low-priced Tea the *cheapest*, as it is *deficient* both in strength and flavour, and does not possess the healthful or exhilarating qualities of "Fine"; moreover, as the duty and charges are the same on all descriptions, it is evident that the common kinds are relatively the dearest.

STRACHAN & Co., who have had thirty years' experience in the wholesale trade, have long seen the want of a *Retail* Establishment, where the public could depend upon always obtaining a really "Fine" Tea, and have therefore opened premises as above, for the purpose of supplying the *finest Teas at the lowest possible remunerative profit.*

It is their intention to sell "TEA ONLY" making quality their sole study, whilst the prices will be within the reach of all classes; and to this end they will devote their great experience and an ample capital in purchasing only the best growths, either in China or England, as the state of the Markets may justify.

STRACHAN & Co. consider it necessary to sell only *two qualities* of *Tea*, viz., one for the *Drawing Room*, guaranteed to consist only of the *finest* and *choicest* pickings; the other a really *strong useful description*, suitable for ordinary domestic purposes; and as they pledge themselves "never to vary their qualities," their prices will necessarily ascend or descend with the Import market rates.

PRESENT PRICES ARE:—

BLACK.—The finest, or "Drawing Room" Tea	4s. 2d.	GREEN.—The finest Gunpowder, Hyson, or Young Hyson	5s. 6d.
,, Strong useful ditto, for Domestic purposes	3 2	,, Strong useful kinds	3 8

7 lbs. and upwards sent free of carriage within 60 miles of London, and a reduction of 2d. per lb. made on original packages of 40 and 80 lbs., which may be had direct from the Dock Warehouses, and cleared, if required, by the buyers' own agents. ¼ lb. the smallest quantity sold.

THE FINEST ASSAM, FLOWERY, AND ORANGE PEKOES AND OOLONG KEPT.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken *by the most delicate female or the youngest child*; while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES IN RELIEVING PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

Dawlish, Jan. 14, 1858.

SIR,—The very excellent properties of your Lozenges induce me to trouble you with another Testimonial on their behalf. All I can say is, that I have been more or less Consumptive for upwards of three years, and have tried a great number of lozenges to abate the Cough, but from none have I found such relief as from yours—even one of them will check the most violent attack. They are invaluable, and I strongly recommend them to persons suffering from a Cough or Cold on the Chest. Pray make any use of this you please if worth your while.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

To MR. KEATING. ABRAHAM TURNER.

RECENT TESTIMONIAL FROM A LADY.

25, *Bouverie Street, London, March* 31, 1858.

SIR,—I feel much pleasure in informing you of the great benefit I have received from your valuable Cough Lozenges. I have been in the habit of taking them when required, for some years, and can therefore speak confidently as to their efficacy, in my own case, never having found any other remedy for a cough of equal service.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

THOMAS KEATING, Esq. F. NELSON.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA,

OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* consists in its being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price, according to size, 40s. to 50s.; all silk throughout, 50s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest.

Stout Siphonias, 35s. Leggings, 10s. 6d. Shooting Boots, Fishing-Stockings, Portable folding Baths, Air Beds, Water Beds for Invalids, Pillows, &c. Portable India-rubber Boats, designed expressly for the Indian rivers, to carry one or more persons, weighing from 10 to 40 lbs. Price £6 6s., £10 10s., and £18 18s., folding in a compass of 3 feet.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

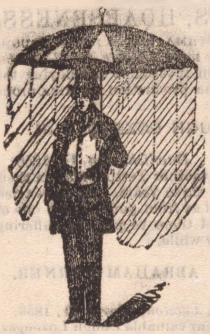
EDMISTON & SON, 69, STRAND,

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

SANGSTERS'

SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS,

ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.



The acknowledged benefit to health, in addition to the personal comfort, derived from the use of the UMBRELLA, as a protection from the injurious effects of the *Sun*, as well as the *Rain*, is rapidly increasing the demand for them in all quarters of the globe.

The invention of

"FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES,"

by lessening the weight nearly one-half without impairing the strength, has effected a great improvement; whilst the application of

ALPACA

(patented by W. & J. Sangster in 1848) enables the manufacturer to produce an article, nearly equal to silk, at less than half the price.

W. & J. S. continue to repair gratis (if necessary), the frames of any Paragon Umbrellas purchased at either of their Establishments, viz.:

140, REGENT STREET, **10, ROYAL EXCHANGE,**
94, FLEET STREET, **75, CHEAPSIDE.**

Shipping Orders executed with despatch and on the lowest terms at their Wholesale Warehouse, 75, Cheapside.

A Prisoner.

Whose voice is that?

THE VIRGINIANS.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

QUICK, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Anyone who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street road at that period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey:—scarce any lights, save those carried by link-boys; badly hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man, as the journey from Marlborough to London which he had performed in the morning.

He had written to Harry, announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between

England and France at that time; the French privateers were for ever on the look-out for British merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in London, and asked for his brother. Scared at the likeness between them, the maid servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. Even Madam Esmond was softened by it (and especially touched by a letter which the Baroness wrote—the letter which caused George to pack off post haste for Europe, indeed). She heartily hoped and trusted that Madam Beatrix had found occasion to repent of her former bad ways. It was time, indeed, at her age; and Heaven knows that she had plenty to repent of! I have known a harmless, good old soul of eighty, still bepommeled and stoned by irreproachable ladies of the straightest sect of the Pharisees, for a little slip which occurred long before the present century was born, or she herself was twenty years old. Rachel Esmond never mentioned her eldest daughter: Madam Esmond Warrington never mentioned her sister. No. In spite of the order for remission of the sentence—in spite of the hand-writing on the floor of the Temple—there is a crime which some folks never will pardon, and regarding which female virtue, especially, is inexorable.

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his terror at the sudden reappearance of the master whom he supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanour when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. O George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whenever you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet:—if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart when, jolting through the dark streets towards the house of his brother's captivity, George came to think of his aunt's behaviour. "She *does* feel my poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself, "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas, the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as by his flaring tallow-torch he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr. Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another up-stairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

The room into which George was introduced was a small apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle, too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment.

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says, there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do your business by breakfast time in the morning."

"Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, sir!" he said, "I know who *you* are. You must be Colonel Lambert, of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months amongst the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry," continued the lad with a faltering voice.

"James! James! Here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is

Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?"

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine."

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honours, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honour before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly—good, if your honour wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officers' hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up-stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood (for, somehow, even Maria's goodness and affection, as she had just exhibited them, had not altogether consoled him; and he had thought, with a little dismay, of certain consequences to which that very kindness and fidelity bound him) when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill-temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might—to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter frankly told Harry, "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behaviour to your senior, and what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You, see, sir, what his answer hath been to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want

another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry Peccavimus! Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, will you be so kind, sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and—and, God bless him for his generous behaviour." And here the young gentleman turned his head away, and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I 'll—I 'll follow,—on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown! I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my message first. Just—just prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling—understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door, Mr. Gumbo entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions,—his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning—himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweetheart?"

No, Gum had not got no new sweetheart, Master.

"Give me my coat. What has brought thee back?"

Gum grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He down-stairs now with Colonel Lambert!" Whilst Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost—what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation. "Is anybody—is—my mother come?"

"No, sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master looking oddly at him, flings the door open, and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it, just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*and for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine.*"

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It 's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room,—where, if you please, we will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there, turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart,—his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more here," says the Colonel. "Good night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick, Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-bye, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF THE FINEST MORALITY.

WHEN first we had the honour to be presented to Sir Miles Warrington at the King's drawing-room, in St. James's Palace, I confess that I, for one—looking at his jolly round face, his broad round waistcoat, his hearty country manner,—expected that I had lighted upon a most eligible and agreeable acquaintance at last, and was about to become intimate with that noblest specimen of the human race, the bepraised of songs and men, the good old English country gentleman. In fact, to be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honour; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one,

perhaps, who does so in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a-week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the Parish, the benefactor of the Parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," to be sure, but only for form's sake, because the words are written in the book, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation;—this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I 'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable anything. If you were a royal highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until Your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You might when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrowroot and a little sherry,—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your own shortcomings, and the vanity of things in general; but, in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word miserable is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman, with the ague, seven children, two pounds a-year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a-week? No: a healthy, rich, jolly, country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery: if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

It may be he becomes somewhat selfish; but at least he is satisfied with himself. Except my lord at the castle, there is nobody for miles and miles round so good or so great. His admirable wife ministers to him, and to the whole parish, indeed: his children bow before him: the vicar of the parish reverences him: he is respected at quarter sessions: he causes poachers to tremble: off go all hats before him at market: and round about his great coach, in which his spotless daughters and sublime lady sit, all the country-town tradesmen cringe, bareheaded, and the farmers' women drop innumerable curtsies. From their cushions in the great coach the ladies look down beneficently, and smile on the poorer folk. They buy a yard of ribbon with affability; they condescend to purchase an ounce of salts, or a packet of flower-seeds: they deign to cheapen a goose: their drive is like a royal progress; a happy people is supposed to press round them and bless them. Tradesmen bow, farmers' wives bob, town-boys, waving their

ragged hats, cheer the red-faced coachman as he drives the fat bays, and cry, "Sir Miles for ever! Throw us a halfpenny, my lady!"

But suppose the market-woman should hide her fat goose when Sir Miles's coach comes, out of terror lest my lady, spying the bird, should insist on purchasing it a bargain? Suppose no coppers ever were known to come out of the royal coach window? Suppose Sir Miles regaled his tenants with notoriously small beer, and his poor with especially thin broth? This may be our fine old English gentleman's way. There have been not a few fine English gentlemen and ladies of this sort; who patronised the poor without ever relieving them, who called out "Amen!" at church as loud as the clerk; who went through all the forms of piety, and discharged all the etiquette of old English gentlemanhood; who bought virtue a bargain, as it were, and had no doubt they were honouring her by the purchase. Poor Harry in his distress asked help from his relations: his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. How much of this behaviour goes on daily in respectable life, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers, and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together, and talk nose to nose,—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among the thieves, and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?

Dare? Do you suppose they think they have done wrong? Do you suppose Skinflint is tortured with remorse at the idea of the distress which called to him in vain, and of the hunger which he sent empty away? Not he. He is indignant with Prodigal for being a fool: he is not ashamed of himself for being a curmudgeon. What? a young man with such opportunities throw them away. A fortune spent amongst gamblers and spendthrifts? Horrible, horrible! Take warning, my child, by this unfortunate young man's behaviour, and see the consequences of extravagance. According to the great and always Established Church of the Pharisees, here is an admirable opportunity for a moral discourse, and an assertion of virtue. "And to think of his deceiving us so!" cries out Lady Warrington.

"Very sad, very sad, my dear!" says Sir John, wagging his head.

"To think of so much extravagance in one so young!" cries Lady Warrington. "Cards, bets, feasts at taverns of the most wicked profusion, carriage and riding horses, the company of the wealthy and profligate of his own sex, and, I fear, of the most iniquitous persons of ours."

"Hush, my Lady Warrington!" cries her husband, glancing

towards the spotless Dora and Flora, who held down their blushing heads, at the mention of the last naughty persons.

"No wonder my poor children hide their faces!" Mamma continues. "My dears, I wish even the existence of such creatures could be kept from you!"

"They can't go to an opera, or the park, without seeing 'em, to be sure," says Sir Miles.

"To think we should have introduced such a young serpent into the bosom of our family! and have left him in the company of that guileless darling!" and she points to Master Miles.

"Who's a serpent, mamma?" inquires that youth. "First you said cousin Harry was bad: then he was good: now he is bad again. Which is he, Sir Miles?"

"He has faults, like all of us, Miley, my dear. Your cousin has been wild, and you must take warning by him."

"Was not my elder brother, who died—my naughty brother—was not he wild too? He was not kind to me when I was quite a little boy. He never gave me money, nor toys, nor rode with me, nor—why do you cry, mamma? Sure I remember how Hugh and you were always fight——"

"Silence, sir!" cry out papa and the girls in a breath. "Don't you know you are never to mention that name?"

"I know I love Harry, and I didn't love Hugh," says the sturdy little rebel. "And if cousin Harry is in prison, I'll give him my half-guinea that my godpapa gave me, and anything I have—yes, anything, except—except my little horse—and my silver waistcoat—and—and Snowball and Sweetlips at home—and—and, yes, my custard after dinner." This was in reply to hint of sister Dora. "But I'd give him *some* of it," continues Miles, after a pause.

"Shut thy mouth with it, child, and then go about thy business," says papa, amused. Sir Miles Warrington had a considerable fund of easy humour.

"Who would have thought he should ever be so wild?" Mamma goes on.

"Nay. Youth is the season for wild oats, my dear."

"That we should be so misled in him!" sighed the girls.

"That he should kiss us both!" cries papa.

"Sir Miles Warrington, I have no patience with that sort of vulgarity!" says the majestic matron.

"Which of you was the favourite yesterday, girls?" continues the father.

"Favourite, indeed! I told him over and over again, of my engagement to dear Tom—I did, Dora—why do you sneer, if you please?" says the handsome sister.

"Nay, to do her justice, so did Dora too," said papa.

"Because Flora seemed to wish to forget her engagement with dear Tom sometimes," remarks her sister.

"I never never never wished to break with Tom! It's wicked of you to say so, Dora! It is you who were for ever sneering at him: it is you who are always envious because I happen—at least, because gentlemen imagine that I am not ill-looking, and prefer me to some folks, in spite of all their learning and wit!" cries Flora, tossing her head over her shoulder, and looking at the glass.

"Why are you always looking there, sister?" says the artless Miles junior. "Sure, you must know your face well enough!"

"Some people look at it just as often, child, who haven't near such good reason," says papa, gallantly.

"If you mean *me*, Sir Miles, I thank you," cries Dora. "My face is as Heaven made it, and my father and mother gave it me. 'Tis not my fault if I resemble my papa's family. If my head is homely, at least I have got some brains in it. I envious of Flora, indeed, because she has found favour in the sight of poor Tom Claypool! I should as soon be proud of captivating a ploughboy!"

"Pray, miss, was your Mr. Harry, of Virginia, much wiser than Tom Claypool? You would have had him for the asking!" exclaims Flora.

"And so would *you*, miss, and have dropped Tom Claypool into the sea!" cries Dora.

"I wouldn't."

"You would."

"I wouldn't;"—and da capo goes the conversation—the shuttlecock of wrath being briskly battled from one sister to another.

"O my children! Is this the way you dwell together in unity?" exclaims their excellent female parent, laying down her embroidery. "What an example you set to this Innocent."

"Like to see 'em fight, my lady!" cries the Innocent, rubbing his hands.

"At her, Flora! Worry her, Dora! To it again, you little rogues!" says facetious papa. "'Tis good sport, ain't it, Miley?"

"O, Sir Miles! O, my children! These disputes are unseemly. They tear a fond mother's heart," says mamma, with majestic action, though bearing the laceration of her bosom with much seeming equanimity. "What cause for thankfulness ought we to have that watchful parents have prevented any idle engagements between you and your misguided cousin. If we have been mistaken in him, is it not a mercy that we have found out our error in time? If either of you had any preference for him, your excellent good sense, my loves, will teach you to overcome, to eradicate, the vain feeling. That we cherished and were kind to him can *never* be a source of regret. 'Tis a proof of our good nature. What *we* have to regret, I fear, is, that your cousin should have proved unworthy of our kindness, and, coming away from the society of gamblers, play-actors, and the like, should have brought contamination—pollution, I had almost said—into this pure family!"

"O, bother mamma's sermons!" says Flora, as my lady pursues a harangue of which we only give the commencement here, but during

which papa, whistling, gently quits the room on tiptoe, whilst the artless Miles junior winds his top and pegs it under the robes of his sisters. It has done humming, and staggered and tumbled over, and expired in its usual tipsy manner, long ere Lady Warrington has finished her sermon.

"Were you listening to me, my child?" she asks, laying her hand on her darling's head.

"Yes, mother," says he, with the whipcord in his mouth, and proceeding to wind up his sportive engine. "You was a saying that Harry was very poor now, and that we oughtn't to help him. That's what you was saying; wasn't it, madam?"

"My poor child, thou wilt understand me better when thou art older!" says mamma, turning towards that ceiling to which her eyes always have recourse.

"Get out, you little wretch!" cries one of the sisters. The artless one has pegged his top at Dora's toes, and laughs with the glee of merry boyhood at his sister's discomfiture.

But what is this? Who comes here? Why does Sir Miles return to the drawing-room, and why does Tom Claypool, who strides after the Baronet, wear a countenance so disturbed?

"Here's a pretty business, my Lady Warrington!" cries Sir Miles. "Here's a wonderful wonder of wonders, girls!"

"For goodness sake, gentlemen, what is your intelligence?" asks the virtuous matron.

"The whole town's talking about it, my lady!" says Tom Claypool, puffing for breath.

"Tom has seen him," continued Sir Miles.

"Seen both of them, my Lady Warrington. They were at Ranelagh last night, with a regular mob after 'em. And so like, that but for their different ribbons you would hardly have told one from the other. One was in blue, the other in brown; but I'm certain he has worn both the suits here."

"What suits?"

"What one,—what other?" call the girls.

"Why, your fortunate youth, to be sure."

"Our precious Virginian, and heir to the principality!" says Sir Miles.

"Is my nephew, then, released from his incarceration?" asks her ladyship, "And is he again plunged in the vortex of dissip . . . .

"Confound him!" roars out the Baronet, with an expression which I fear was even stronger. "What should you think, my Lady Warrington, if this precious nephew of mine should turn out to be an impostor; by George! no better than an adventurer?"

"An inward monitor whispered me as much!" cried the lady; "but I dashed from me the unworthy suspicion. Speak, Sir Miles, we burn with impatience to listen to your intelligence."

"I'll speak, my love, when you've done," says Sir Miles. "Well,

what do you think of my gentleman, who comes into my house, dines at my table, is treated as one of this family, kisses my——"

"What?" asks Tom Claypool, firing as red as his waistcoat.

"—Hem! Kisses my wife's hand, and is treated in the fondest manner, by George! What do you think of this fellow, who talks of his property and his principality, by Jupiter!—turning out to be a beggarly SECOND SON! A beggar, my Lady Warrington, by——"

"Sir Miles Warrington, no violence of language before these dear ones! I sink to the earth, confounded by this unutterable hypocrisy. And did I entrust thee to a pretender, my blessed boy? Did I leave thee with an impostor, my innocent one?" the matron cries, fondling her son.

"Who's an impostor, my lady?" asks the child.

"That confounded young scamp of a Harry Warrington!" bawls out papa; on which the little Miles, after wearing a puzzled look for a moment, and yielding to I know not what hidden emotion, bursts out crying.

His admirable mother proposes to clutch him to her heart, but he rejects the pure caress, bawling only the louder, and kicking frantically about the maternal *gremium*, as the butler announces "Mr. George Warrington, Mr. Henry Warrington!" Miles is dropped from his mother's lap. Sir Miles's face emulates Mr. Claypool's waistcoat. The three ladies rise up, and make three most frigid curtseys, as our two young men enter the room.

Little Miles runs towards them. He holds out a little hand. "O Harry! No! which is Harry? *You're* my Harry," and he chooses rightly this time. "O, you dear Harry! I'm so glad you are come! and they've been abusing you so!"

"I am come to pay my duty to my uncle," says the dark-haired Mr. Warrington; "and to thank him for his hospitalities to my brother Henry."

"What, nephew George? My brother's face and eyes! Boys both, I am delighted to see you!" cries their uncle, grasping affectionately a hand of each, as his honest face radiates with pleasure.

"This indeed hath been a most mysterious and a most providential resuscitation," says Lady Warrington. "Only I wonder that my nephew Henry concealed the circumstance until now," she adds, with a sidelong glance at both young gentlemen.

"He knew it no more than your ladyship," says Mr. Warrington. The young ladies looked at each other with downcast eyes.

"Indeed, sir! a most singular circumstance," says mamma, with another curtsey. "We had heard of it, sir; and Mr. Claypool, our county neighbour, had just brought us the intelligence, and it even now formed the subject of my conversation with my daughters."

"Yes," cries out a little voice, "and do you know, Harry, father and mother said you was a—a imp——"

"Silence, my child! Screwby, convey Master Warrington to his

own apartment! These, Mr. Warrington—or, I suppose I should say nephew George—are your cousins." Two curtseys—two cheeses are made—two hands are held out. Mr. Esmond Warrington makes a profound low bow, which embraces (and it is the only embrace which the gentleman offers) all three ladies. He lays his hat to his heart. He says, "It is my duty, madam, to pay my respects to my uncle and cousins, and to thank your ladyship for such hospitality as you have been enabled to show to my brother."

"It was not much, nephew, but it was our best. Ods bobs!" cries the hearty Sir Miles, "it was our best!"

"And I appreciate it, sir," says Mr. Warrington, looking gravely round at the family.

"Give us thy hand. Not a word more." says Sir Miles. "What? do you think I'm a cannibal, and won't extend the hand of hospitality to my dear brother's son? What say you, lads? Will you eat our mutton at three? This is my neighbour, Tom Claypool, son to Sir Thomas Claypool, Baronet, and my very good friend. Hey, Tom! Thou wilt be of the party, Tom? Thou knowest our brew, hey, my boy?"

"Yes, I know it, Sir Miles," replies Tom, with no peculiar expression of rapture on his face.

"And thou shalt taste it, my boy, thou shalt taste it! What is there for dinner, my Lady Warrington? Our food is plain, but plenty, lads—plain, but plenty!"

"We cannot partake of it to-day, sir. We dine with a friend who occupies my Lord Wrotham's house, your neighbour. Colonel Lambert—Major-General Lambert he has just been made."

"With two daughters, I think—countryfied-looking girls—are they not?" asks Flora.

"I think I have remarked two little rather dowdy things," says Dora.

"They are as good girls as any in England!" breaks out Harry, to whom no one had thought of saying a single word. His reign was over, you see. He was nobody. What wonder, then, that he should not be visible?

"O, indeed, cousin!" says Dora, with a glance at the young man, who sate with burning cheeks, chafing at the humiliation put upon him, but not knowing how or whether he should notice it. "O, indeed, cousin!" You are very charitable—or very lucky, I'm sure! You see angels where we only see ordinary little persons. I'm sure I could not imagine who were those odd-looking people in Lord Wrotham's coach, with his handsome liveries. But if they were three *angels*, I have nothing to say."

"My brother is an enthusiast," interposes George. "He is often mistaken about women."

"O, really!" says Dora, looking a little uneasy.

"I fear my nephew Henry has indeed met with some unfavourable specimens of our sex," the matron remarks, with a groan.

"We are so easily taken in, madam—we are both very young yet—we shall grow older and learn better."

"Most sincerely, nephew George, I trust you may. You have my best wishes, my prayers, for your brother's welfare and your own. No efforts of *ours* have been wanting. At a painful moment, to which I will not further allude——"

"And when my uncle Sir Miles was out of town," says George, looking towards the baronet, who smiles at him with affectionate approval.

"—I sent your brother a work which I thought might comfort him, and I know might improve him. Nay, do not thank me; I claim no credit; I did but my duty—a humble woman's duty—for what are this world's goods, nephew, compared to the welfare of a soul? If I did good, I am thankful; if I was useful, I rejoice. If, through my means, you have been brought, Harry, to consider ——"

"O! the sermon, is it?" breaks in downright Harry. "I hadn't time to read a single syllable of it, aunt—thank you. You see I don't care much about that kind of thing—but thank you all the same."

"The intention is everything," says Mr. Warrington, "and we are both grateful. Our dear friend, General Lambert, intended to give bail for Harry; but, happily, I had funds of Harry's with me to meet any demands upon us. But the kindness is the same, and I am grateful to the friend who hastened to my brother's rescue when he had most need of aid, and when his own relations happened—so unfortunately—to be out of town."

"Anything I could do, my dear boy, I'm sure—my brother's son—my own nephew—ods bobs! you know—that is, anything—*anything*, you know!" cries Sir Miles, bringing his own hand into George's with a generous smack. "You *can't* stay and dine with us? Put off the Colonel—the General—do, now! Or name a day. My Lady Warrington, make my nephew name a day when he will sit under his grandfather's picture, and drink some of his wine!"

"His intellectual faculties seem more developed than those of his unlucky younger brother," remarked my lady, when the young gentlemen had taken their leave. "The younger must be reckless and extravagant about money indeed, for did you remark, Sir Miles, the loss of his reversion in Virginia—the amount of which has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, but, nevertheless, must be something considerable—did you, I say, remark that the ruin of Harry's prospects scarcely seemed to affect him?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised that the elder turns out to be as poor as the young one," says Dora, tossing her head.

"He! he! Did you see that Cousin George had one of Cousin Harry's suits of clothes on—the brown and gold—that one he wore when he went with you to the oratorio, Flora?"

"Did he take Flora to an oratorio?" asks Mr. Claypool, fiercely.

"I was ill and couldn't go, and my cousin went with her," says Dora.

"Far be it from *me* to object to any innocent amusement, much less to the music of Mr. Handel, dear Mr. Claypool," says mamma. "Music refines the soul, elevates the understanding, is heard in our churches, and 'tis well known was practised by King David. Your operas I shun as deleterious; your ballets I would forbid to my children as most immoral; but music, my dears! May we enjoy it, like everything else in reason—may we ——"

"There's the music of the dinner-bell," says papa, rubbing his hands. "Come, girls. Screwby, go and fetch Master Miley. Tom, take down my lady."

"Nay, dear Thomas, I walk but slowly. Go you with dearest Flora down-stairs," says Virtue.

But Dora took care to make the evening pleasant by talking of Handel and oratorios constantly during dinner.

CHAPTER III.

CONTICUERE OMNES.

ACROSS the way, if the gracious reader will please to step over with us, he will find our young gentlemen at Lord Wrotham's house, which his lordship has lent to his friend the General, and that little family party assembled, with which we made acquaintance at Oakhurst and Tunbridge Wells. James Wolfe has promised to come to dinner; but James is dancing attendance upon Miss Lowther, and would rather have a glance from her eyes than the finest kickshaws dressed by Lord Wrotham's cook, or the dessert which is promised for the entertainment at which you are just going to sit down. You will make the sixth. You may take Mr. Wolfe's place. You may be sure he wont come. As for me, I will stand at the sideboard and report the conversation.

Note first, how happy the women look! When Harry Warrington was taken by those bailiffs, I had intended to tell you how the good Mrs. Lambert, hearing of the boy's mishap, had flown to her husband, and had begged, implored, insisted, that her Martin should help him. "Never mind his rebeldom of the other day; never mind about his

being angry that his presents were returned—of course anybody would be angry, much more such a high-spirited lad as Harry! Never mind about our being so poor, and wanting all our spare money for the boys at college; there *must* be some way of getting him out of the scrape. Did you not get Charles Watkins out of the scrape two years ago; and did he not pay you back every halfpenny? Yes; and you made a whole family happy, blessed be God! and Mrs. Watkins prays for you and blesses you to this very day, and I think everything has prospered with us since. And I have no doubt it has made you a major-general—no *earthly* doubt," says the fond wife.

Now, as Martin Lambert requires very little persuasion to do a kind action, he in this instance lets himself be persuaded easily enough, and having made up his mind to seek for friend James Wolfe, and give bail for Harry, he takes his leave and his hat, and squeezes Theo's hand, who seems to divine his errand (or perhaps that silly mamma has blabbed it), and kisses little Hetty's flushed cheek, and away he goes out of the apartment where the girls and their mother are sitting, though he is followed out of the room by the latter.

When she is alone with him, that enthusiastic matron cannot control her feelings any longer. She flings her arms round her husband's neck, kisses him a hundred and twenty-five times in an instant—calls God to bless him—cries plentifully on his shoulder; and in this sentimental attitude is discovered by old Mrs. Quiggett, my lord's housekeeper, who is bustling about the house, and, I suppose, is quite astounded at the conjugal phenomenon.

"We have had a tiff, and we are making it up! Don't tell tales out of school, Mrs. Quiggett!" says the gentleman, walking off.

"Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, with a shrill, strident laugh, like a venerable old cockatoo—which white, hook-nosed, long-lived bird Mrs. Quiggett strongly resembles. "Well I never!" says Quiggett, laughing and shaking her old sides till all her keys, and, as one may fancy, her old ribs clatter and jingle.

"O Quiggett!" sobs out Mrs. Lambert, "what a man that is!"

"You've been a quarrelling, have you, mum, and making it up? That's right."

"Quarrel with *him?* He never told a greater story. My General is an angel, Quiggett. I should like to worship him. I should like to fall down at his boots and kiss 'em, I should! There never was a man so good as my General. What have I done to have such a man? How *dare* I have such a good husband?"

"My dear, I think there's a pair of you," says the old cockatoo; "and what would you like for your supper?"

When Lambert comes back very late to that meal, and tells what has happened, how Harry is free, and how his brother has come to life and rescued him, you may fancy what a commotion the whole of those people are in! If Mrs. Lambert's General was an angel before, what is he now! If she wanted to embrace his boots in the morning, pray

what further office of wallowing degradation would she prefer in the evening? Little Hetty comes and nestles up to her father quite silent, and drinks a little drop out of his glass. Theo's and mamma's faces beam with happiness, like two moons of brightness. . . . . After supper, those four at a certain signal fall down on their knees—glad homage paying in awful mirth—rejoicing, and with such pure joy as angels do, we read, for the sinner that repents. There comes a great knocking at the door whilst they are so gathered together. Who can be there? My lord is in the country miles off. It is past midnight now; so late have they been, so long have they been talking! I think Mrs. Lambert guesses who is there.

"This is George," says a young gentleman, leading in another. "We have been to aunt Bernstein. We couldn't go to bed, aunt Lambert, without coming to thank you too. You dear, dear, good——" There is no more speech audible. Aunt Lambert is kissing Harry, Theo has snatched up Hetty who is as pale as death, and is hugging her into life again. George Warrington stands with his hat off, and then (when Harry's transaction is concluded) goes up and kisses Mrs. Lambert's hand: the General passes his across his eyes. I protest they are all in a very tender and happy state. Generous hearts sometimes feel it, when Wrong is forgiven, when Peace is restored, when Love returns that had been thought lost.

"We came from aunt Bernstein's; we saw lights here, you see, we couldn't go to sleep without saying good night to you all," says Harry. "Could we, George?"

"'Tis certainly a famous nightcap you have brought us, boys," says the General. "When are you to come and dine with us? To-morrow?" No, they must go to Madame Bernstein's to-morrow. The next day, then? Yes, they would come the next day—and that is the very day we are writing about: and this is the very dinner, at which, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, absent on private affairs, my gracious reader has just been invited to sit down.

To sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere Barmecide dinner—no, no—but to hear Mr. George Esmond Warrington's Statement, which of course he is going to make. Here they all sit—not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlour in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit conticent, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds:—

"I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. 'Of course,' says he, 'your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, sir, on the

difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades.'—'Psha, sir!' says the General, 'the savages may frighten your raw American militia' (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), 'but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—'I heartily hope not, sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behaviour to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defence, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aide-de-camp after another was sent forwards. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colours and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling

Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to go forward now. One aide-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me; indeed there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

"One of them, who was half Indian half Frenchman, with mocassins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

"I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat, and feeling in his pockets: he then scalped him, and with his bleeding knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move, or to resist him.

"He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it, he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

"Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. '*A moi, Florac!*' I cried out. *C'est Georges! aide moi!*'

"He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, '*A moi!*'

"'*Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!*' said Florac, with a curse; and the next moment, and with an *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

"My friend looked round him. '*Eh!*' says he, '*la belle affaire!* Where art thou wounded, in the leg?' He bound my leg tight round with his sash. 'The others will kill thee if they find thee here. *Ah, tiens!* Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call

out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

"Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier, who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note of hand. You see, sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

"At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort, if they brought me safely there: I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log-house, and laid upon Florac's own bed.

"Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterwards, that, during my delirium, the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster, had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks, one may fancy a thrill of horror running through his sympathising audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand, and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars a-piece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George, demurely, "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry, again. "Hunt 'em down, sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses, my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the river-side. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old serjeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

"At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florac had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided serjeant. Monsieur de Contrecœur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old Lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne.

"This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home; and he knew that according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

"Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged, or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity of the Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, whilst I still lay very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

"In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of His Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

"Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple-trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau's child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my gaolers; and so the weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

"At last news arrived that he had been shot by some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly towards me; the more so as his serjeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me—as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

"A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious gaoler, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes—sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me?"

"Why, of course, she did!" cries mamma.

"What else is she good for?" says Hetty.

"You, Miss Theo, have painted her already as a dark beauty—is it not so? A swift huntress—?"

"Diana with a baby," says the Colonel.

"—Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is Queen of the forest—and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her?"

"Well, I suppose she is an interesting creature, Mr. George?" says Theo, with a blush.

"What think you of a dark beauty, the colour of new mahogany? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pommade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes, with

high cheek-bones, with a flat nose, sometimes ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny throat, her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and inordinate passion for—O! must I own it?"

"For coquetry. I know you are going to say that!" says Miss Hetty.

"For whiskey, my dear Miss Hester—in which appetite my gaoler partook; so that I have often sate by, on the nights when I was in favour with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments, they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favour, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behaviour, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

"Whilst the result of the trapper's mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and I myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah! and O! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

"Museau was very savage when he began to give up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that the man might have got the ransom-money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time; then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

"'Eh, Monsieur Museau!' says I, 'ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here, and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honour. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec.'

"'Ah, young traitor!' roars he, 'do you wish to tamper with my honour? Do you believe an officer of France will take a bribe? I have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning.'

"'My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres,' says I; 'and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage . . . .'

"'And an orchard. Ah, *sacrebleu!*' says Museau, whimpering, 'and a dish of tripe *à la mode du pays!* . . .'

"This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cyder, and *trippes à la mode de Caen.* My friend is dead now—"

"He was hung, I trust?" breaks in Colonel Lambert.

"—And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery and no other means, I am where I am."

"But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were," says Harry, "and you couldn't conquer a whole garrison, you know!" And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

"See the women, how disappointed they are!" says Lambert. "Mrs. Lambert, you blood-thirsty woman, own that you are baulked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant."

"You wished he was hung yourself, papa!" cries Miss Hetty, "and I am sure I wish anything my papa wishes."

"Nay, ladies," says George, turning a little red, "to wink at a prisoner's escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I cannot help being alive to tell it."

"O, George!—that is, I mean, Mr. Warrington!—that is, I mean, I beg your pardon!" cries Hester.

"No pardon, my dear! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See it is *his* turn to blush now," says George.

"Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne!" cries Harry, and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterwards in confidence, "You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert! a poor, extravagant fellow like me! It's absurd!"

CHAPTER IV.

INTENTIQUE ORA TENEBANT.

E continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up farther positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practised by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but, yet, somehow the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

"'Eh, Commandant!' says I, 'tis *fort bien*, but meanwhile your

farm in Normandy, the pot of cyder, and the *trippes à la mode de Caen*, where are they?'

"'Yes; 'tis all very well, my *garçon*,' says he. 'But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, La Biche?'

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed—— You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befal me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them: they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white skin or red skin is most savage.

"'They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, Commandant,' say I coolly. 'But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.'

"'Go get the whiskey-bottle, La Biche,' says Museau.

"'And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honour, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.

"'*Ah, scélérat!*' roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. 'Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war.'

"'Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with a half dozen of cows—of a fine orchard all covered with fruit.'

"'And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! O my country! O my mother!' whimpers out the Commandant. 'Quick, La Biche, the whiskey!'

"All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche too silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned towards her I saw hers were fixed on

me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before Monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

"'How do you know,' he asked, 'that this hunter will serve you?'

"'That is my secret,' says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honour, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

"Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, 'My lads, I will give you an English song,' and to the tune of 'Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favourite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words:—'This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here: I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

"'What is it?' says the hunter, 'I don't understand.'

"''Tis a girl to her lover,' I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

"The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, 'Over the hills and far away,' the burthen of my yesterday's doggrel.

"'If you are ready,' says he, 'I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?' Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. 'Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!'

"And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

"I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

"Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

"When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy gaoler. This officers' house, or room, was of logs like the half-dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

"'You see those trees?' my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. 'He wait for you behind those trees.'

"In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before, she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and potherbs for soup. She sate down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. 'Hide it,' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was, she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day, she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to Commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"'I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went in to the Commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only whilst his servant was present, but afterwards when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; whilst, according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whiskey-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no

sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned, I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

"He did not appear to remark anything strange in the behaviour of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so pre-occupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

"'I gain everything from you to-night, milor,' says he, grimly. 'We play upon parole.'

"'And you may count upon mine,' I replied.

"'Eh! 'tis all that you have!' says he.

"'Monsieur,' says I, 'my word is good for ten thousand livres;' and we continued our game.

"At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed, and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. 'I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,' says he,—'stay, you will fall without your crutch,'—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

"'What a vilain night!' says he, looking out. In fact there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. 'Bring a lanthorn, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!' He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

"The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes, and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited awhile there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. O, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there 'Over the hills and far away!'"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo,

who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, whilst all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

"Ah, brother!" cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand, "I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London, when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! O, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!"

"But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river," George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them, and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year, the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family, camping near their trees by the mountain streams; and they welcomed us at their fires, and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks, and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. O! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colours again on the banks of our native Potomac!"

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired. as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is more convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed: this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and, whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance; being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c.; and, by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and, by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, annihilates every pimple and all roughness, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere which prevail during the winter months, and will be found beyond all praise to use as a Family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, price 2*s.* 9*d.* with Directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

A CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

"*The Eighth Plague,*" said the learned Dr. Johnson, "*is the Gout, and that man who discovers a Medicine to alleviate its torments deserves well of his country; but he who can effect a cure should have a Monument raised to his memory as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as lasting as time.*"

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are sold by nearly all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. *and* 2s. 9d. *per Box; the former containing doses for* five, *and the latter for* fifteen *days*; and so many individuals, who considered themselves martyrs to Gout or Rheumatism, are now ready and willing to bear testimony of the wonderful effects of Simco's Pills, that the Proprietor fearlessly challenges the whole world to produce a Medicine which at all deserves to be compared to them. There are *many* instances in which persons have been completely restored to health and activity by taking Simco's Gout Pills, who have suffered from Rheumatic Gout for several years, and had drawn on a miserable existence, having lost the use of their limbs, believing that death alone could terminate their sufferings.

Whilst taking the Pills, no particular rules or restrictions are necessary, as they are warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury whatever; they seldom produce perspiration, purging, or sickness, but invariably improve the general health, sharpen the appetite, and facilitate digestion. Those periodically subject to Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Fever, &c., should keep these Pills by them, as by their timely use an approaching attack may always be averted, and the tendency of these complaints to attack a vital part be effectually counteracted

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN

COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed by the most eminent medical men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DIABETES, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEURALGIA, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

DR. DE JONGH, an eminent Dutch physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works recording these investigations, have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists of Europe—amongst whom may be enumerated the illustrious LIEBIG, of the University of Giessen, the great Swedish Chemist BERZELIUS, and the celebrated Physician BARON FOUQUIER of the University of Paris—they have been rewarded by his Majesty LEOPOLD I., the King of the Belgians, conferring the dignity of a Knight of the order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty WILLIAM II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose; whilst in Prussia DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold under the express sanction, and with the high authority, of the ROYAL SANITARY POLICE of that Kingdom.

DR. DE JONGH'S elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil: iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in much larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

Being invariably submitted to skilful and scrupulous chemical analysis by DR. DE JONGH, its genuineness, purity, and uniform strength are ascertained and guaranteed; and, as far as possible, a certain, regular, and uniform result may be anticipated, when it is administered to the same patient, or in similar diseases or circumstances.

In taste and odour DR. DE JONGH'S OIL is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, and it produces beneficial results and effects a cure in a much shorter period. In innumerable cases DR. DE JONGH'S OIL has afforded immediate mitigation of symptoms, arrested disease, and restored health, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered without any benefit.

In use it is not so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable Chemists, whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.

Besides the means taken to ensure genuineness and superiority previous to exposure for sale, further to guard against subsequent admixture or adulteration,—

☞ *This Oil is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with* DR. DE JONGH'S *stamp and signature, and to these marks purchasers are earnestly requested to pay particular attention.*

WITHOUT THESE NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.

FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

PRINCIPAL MALADIES IN WHICH DR. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY PRESCRIBED.

CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, WINTER COUGH.

The extraordinary virtues of this medicine in tubercular consumption, a disease long allowed to be one of the *opprobria medicinæ*, may now be considered as fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a perfect cure. In the last stage, it is, at all events, the best palliative means of allaying the urgent symptoms, and even when a complete cure is not produced, it may for years prolong life and render it more supportable. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops or diminishes emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady. Hospital, dispensary, and private practice, all furnish innumerable cases in which the administration of this remedy has been attended with the happiest results. To quote the eloquent words of the Rev. C. D. BADHAM, M.D., the gifted author of "Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle:"—

"With what still greater wonder and complacency must every enlightened physician, now-a-days, contemplate that wholly unexpected and invaluable ally which suffering lungs have recently secured from the iatric liver of the cod. *Alere flammam*—to feed common lamps—was, till lately, all it professed to do; but now its vaunt is, *alere vitam*—to replenish the lamp of life when burning low and threatening to go out. Thousands of cases hitherto most unpromising, have, under its auspices, suddenly changed their aspect, and looked bright; here a fair girl hastening to decay, had scarcely taken a few doses, when the ominous cough was appeased, she recovered her roses, smiled once more on a reassured family of friends, and went on her way rejoicing; there, a case of graver import, which had whispered death to the inquiring ear, made a stand, rallied, and consumption was, for the time, arrested in mid course; and again, in patients still further reduced by the blighting malady, the administration of the bland Oil was frequently observed to respite, soften, and assuage sufferings beyond its power to remove. Scepticism, by slow degrees, made way to conviction; and he who, a few years ago, would justly have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now countenanced everywhere by brother practitioners, who have all the same story to tell, till the world at large has become convinced of the fact; and there is now not a village apothecary through the length and breadth of our isle who has not himself witnessed some of the endless beneficent wonders which this penetrating balm, under the Divine blessing, has already worked, and is daily working, among the children of men."

In non-tubercular pulmonary disease, so prevalent, especially among the industrial population, who are exposed to abrupt vicissitudes of heat and cold, and to the mechanical irritation produced in the respiratory organs by the impregnation of the air of mines and manufactories with earthy or metallic particles, or with dust emanating from flax, cotton, or wool, the soothing and reparative action of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil subdues the chronic inflammation of the lungs, and effectually arrests the progress of the malady.

The same beneficial results attend the administration of this Oil in many chronic affections of the throat as in pulmonary diseases. M. CHAMPOUILLON, the celebrated French Physician of the Hospital of Val de Grace, asserts, from considerable experience, that this Oil is most effectual in curing chronic bronchitis. No remedy so speedily allays, and permanently cures, the distressing irritation which provokes frequent and prolonged coughing. The actual benefit derived is thus conclusively stated by ARTHUR CRIDLAND, Esq., an eminent surgeon in extensive practice at Brighton :—

"The effect of Dr. DE JONGH's Cod Liver Oil on myself in the latter stage of hooping cough, last winter, was remarkable. I suffered from excessive irritation of the larynx, consequently I was greatly reduced in strength and appearance, and quite unable to attend to my professional duties. It occurred to me that the Oil which I was frequently prescribing would benefit my own case, and after taking it a few days, its good effect commenced, and at the end of six weeks I regained my usual health and strength, and had entirely lost the laryngial irritation, which was of a most harassing and fearfully distressing character.

"It is therefore with much pleasure I beg to add my testimony to the excellent results attendant on Dr. DE JONGH's Oil."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

In addition to its remedial virtues in active disease, DR. DE JONGH'S Oil possesses powerful prophylactic and analeptic properties. To maintain health, or to avert the access or development of disorders to which there is a constitutional predisposition, as well as to impart strength in old age, convalescence, or natural feebleness, it has been used with the greatest benefit. In cases of prostration, produced by long sickness or medical treatment, by exposure to the influence of tropical climates or vicissitudes of temperature, to a cold, humid, or vitiated atmosphere, in fenny and marshy countries, unhealthy manufactories and mines, or where excessive labour, fatigue, bad nourishment, and other hardships, have reduced the vital forces, and where life appeared to be even at its lowest ebb, the reparative and restorative powers of this Oil have been remarkably manifested. According to TAUFFLIEB, BREFELD, CAREY, and other eminent physicians, its action appears to be different from that of the ordinary tonics properly so called, and it has, in consequence, been resorted to with the most beneficial effect after the whole range of these had been in vain exhausted.

By its administration the failing physical powers of advancing age are renewed, the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation improved, restored, and regulated; and when its use is steadily persevered in, its peculiarly tonic properties have entirely restored health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISORDERS.

All who have prescribed this Oil have unanimously acknowledged its virtues in every form of scrofula, and bestowed upon it the highest praise, which has secured it the first place amongst anti-scrofulous remedies. It eradicates the first trace of the disease, and prevents its development and formation.

BREFELD says, "There is no remedy which at all approaches its therapeutic properties in scrofulous disease; it is an undoubted powerful medicine, operating in a peculiar specific manner, and affording relief where, to all appearance, and according to former experience, the disorder was beyond the reach of medicine."

KOPP states, "The first time the Cod Liver Oil is prescribed for a scrofulous patient, its favourable effects are soon apparent, and which can only be attributed to its use, frequently acting in a truly wonderful manner. It effects a change in the general appearance; the cachectic colour is lost, the flabby flesh becomes firm, the chain of swollen glands diminish and separate, and ulcers put on a healthy character, and heal."

DISEASES OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

In those severe disorders, infantile wasting, rickets, swellings of the belly, and mesenteric disease, arising mostly from hereditary weakness or deficient nutrition, DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil, whether the disease be at its commencement or at its height, will supersede every other means of cure, and will accomplish whatever can be expected or hoped for from any medicine. The distinguished physician, Dr. EDWARD CAREY, who has treated many hundred cases, observes:—

"It is in the diseases incidental to childhood that mainly depend on the mal-assimilation of the food in the pale cachectic child, when the anxious practitioner has exhausted the whole range of alteratives and tonics, that this Cod Liver Oil will come in and satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Where the powers of life are low it affords nourishment to the body when none other can be borne; it furnishes the frame with fat in a truly wonderful manner; and, administered as it is in Holland, to the delicate and puny child, who, though not considered ill, is in that state of impaired health which would favour the development of disease, its extraordinary effects will soon be visible, after having taken it for a short period, in a return to health and strength which was before unknown, and which will be accomplished by no other remedy with which we are at present acquainted."

And an eminent writer on this subject, in a communication to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, states:—

"In badly-nourished infants Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children generally like the taste of the Oil, and when it is given them, often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

In these distressing and unsightly complaints, which oftentimes tenaciously resist for years the whole Pharmacopœia of alteratives and tonics, combined with every available ointment and lotion, the curative effects of Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil, after a few weeks' administration, in the most inveterate cases, have been so remarkable, that this safe and simple remedy is now regarded as a specific in the most prevalent chronic cutaneous affections.

It will be sufficient to quote the following opinion of THOMAS HUNT, Esq., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, and the eminent writer on cutaneous disorders, who, in his popular work, "Guide to the Treatment of Diseases of the Skin," observes:—

"If there is any one medicine which is at all to be compared with arsenic in its power over skin diseases, that medicine is the Cod Liver Oil sold in bottles as Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil. As there is no medicine in the market more grossly adulterated than what is called Cod Liver Oil, I insist upon my patients procuring this article, which I know to be genuine, not only by analysis, but by the invariably satisfactory operation of the medicine in very small doses, in the cases to which it is appropriate. These are chiefly those accompanied with wasting of the flesh, from whatever cause, mal-assimilation, defective nutrition, variable appetite, deficient food, strumous disease, &c. The cutaneous diseases most benefited by the Oil may be cited in the following order—strumous sores, sycosis, lupus, acne, prurigo, lichen, eczema."

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

All medical men agree in extolling this remedy in chronic rheumatism and gout, as not only superior to every other, but surpassing all the most celebrated anti-rheumatic remedies.

This opinion is not founded on mere assertion, but is established by innumerable cases of undoubted cure, in which patients had suffered many years from rheumatic disease, and after in vain trying every other means to obtain relief from their sufferings.

Dr. SCHENK, of Siegen, reports a number of very severe and obstinate cases, which, through its use, were entirely cured. He states as the result of his observation, that "The Cod Liver Oil ought to be considered as a *specific* in rheumatism and gouty diseases. It heals all chronic and painful affections of the human body, wherever they are seated, whether internal or external, if they have originated in rheumatism and gout, as surely and certainly as bark cures intermitting fever."

WESENER relates a remarkable case of the perfect cure of gout by taking four bottles of the Oil, after every remedy had been in vain adopted for eight years, and the disease was still at its height. TAUFFLIEB states that he has administered the Oil with success in a great many cases of chronic gout; and in two of these the functions of locomotion were so restrained by the swelling and stiffness of the joints, that for several years the patients had to be lifted from their beds.

SELECT MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS.

The following are selected from some of the leading medical and scientific opinions in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil:—

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, Author of "THE ELEMENTS OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS," *&c., &c.*

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on this subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA,

"To Dr. De Jongh." "Finsbury Square, London, April 16, 1851."

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.,

Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," *&c., &c.*

"DR. GRANVILLE has used Dr. DE JONGH'S Light Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as DE JONGH. Dr. GRANVILLE has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. De Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil."

G. H. BARLOW, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Physician to Guy's Hospital, Author of "A MANUAL OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE," "DISEASES OF EARLY YOUTH," "PHTHISIS," *&c., &c.*

"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effects, and believe it to be a pure Oil, and well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, Translator of "LOUIS ON PHTHISIS," *Author of* "BEDSIDE MANUAL OF PHYSICAL DIAGNOSIS," *&c., &c.*

"Dr. COWAN is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardize the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. COWAN wishes Dr. DE JONGH every success in his meritorious undertaking."

C. RADCLYFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "TORQUAY IN ITS MEDICAL ASPECT," "ESSAY ON THE BRONCHIAL TUBES," *&c., &c.*

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

RICHARD MOORE LAWRANCE, Esq., M.D.,

Physician to H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, Author of "ON GOUT AND RHEUMATISM," *&c. &c.*

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil, and so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Sold by ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

DR. DE JONGH'S *sole accredited Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions; and by most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the British Empire.*

Half-Pints (10 ounces), 2*s.* 6*d.* Pints (20 ounces), 4*s.* 9*d.* Quarts (40 ounces), 9*s.*

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

CAUTION.—*Proposed substitutions of other kinds of Cod Liver Oil should be strenuously resisted, as they proceed from interested motives, and will result in disappointment to the purchaser.*

MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,

FULL SIZE.

	Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	Double Thread. £ s. d.	King's Pattern. £ s. d.	Lily Pattern. £ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon do	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service .	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any article can be had separately at the same prices.

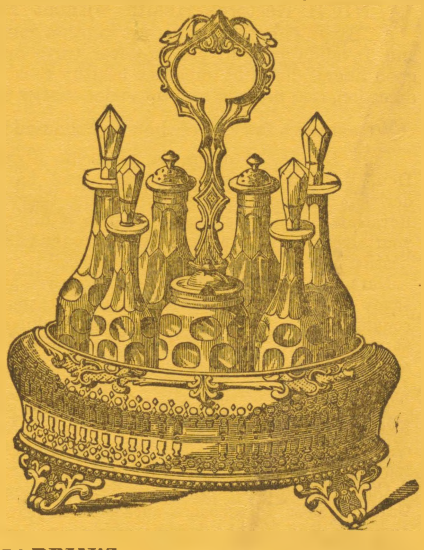
One set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, may be had on application.

	Ordinary Quality. £ s. d.	Medium Quality. £ s. d.	Best Quality. £ s. d
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles . .	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto .	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service .	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

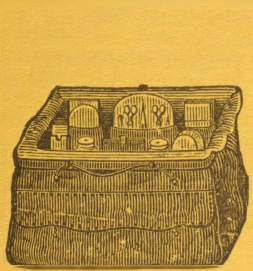
MAPPIN'S POCKET KNIVES, PRUNING-KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c.,
In every variety, warranted good by the Makers.



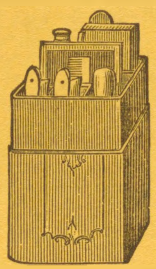
MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

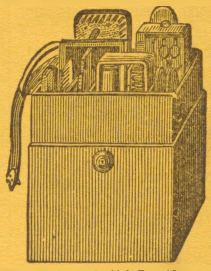
SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.

Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS respectfully invite buyers to inspect their unprecedented display, which, for beauty of design, exquisite workmanship, and novelty, stands unrivalled. Their Illustrated Catalogue, which is continually receiving additions of new designs, will be forwarded post free on application.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,

WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

CURES (WITHOUT PHYSIC) of Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Flatulency, Phlegm, —all Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints,—Hysteria, Neuralgia, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Acidity, Palpitation, Heartburn, Headache, Debility, Despondency, Cramps, Spasms, Nausea, and Sickness (during Pregnancy or at Sea), Sinking Fits, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, also Children's Complaints, are effected by

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS

REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

WHICH Restores Health without Purging, Inconvenience, or Expense, as it Saves Fifty Times its Cost in other remedies. It is, moreover, the best Food for Infants and Invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

We extract a few out of the many thousand expressions of gratitude from invalids :—

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies. "I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies."

Cure No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach, and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food.—Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 48,314.—Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool, a cure of ten years' dyspepsia, and all the horrors of nervous irritability.

Cure No. 18,216.—Dr. Andrew Ure, of constipation, dyspepsia, nervous irritability.

Cure No. 34,210.—Dr. Shorland, of dropsy and debility.

Cure No. 36,212.—Captain Allan, of epileptic fits.

Cure No. 42,116.—Major Edie, of enlargement of the liver and total prostration of strength

Cure No. 36,418.—Rev. Dr. Minster, of cramps, spasms, and daily vomitings.

Cure No. 26,418.—Dr. Harvey, of diarrhœa and debility.

Cure No. 39,628.—Dr. Wurtzer, of consumption.

Cure No. 32,880.—William Hunts, Esq., Barrister, of paralysis.

Cure No. 46,270.—Mr. James Roberts, Woodmerchant, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 46,814.—Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, of two years' diarrhœa.

Cure No. 52,612.—The Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, of many years' nervous irritability, bile, and indigestion.

Cure No. 54,812.—Miss Virginia Zeguers, cured of consumption, after her medical advisers had abandoned all hopes of recovery.

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time.—W. R. Reeves, 181, Fleet Street, London."

Cure No. 4,208.—"Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, for which my servant had consulted the advice of many, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring Food. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries.—Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.—Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

Cure No. 3,906.—"Thirteen years' cough, indigestion, and general debility, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food.—James Porter, Athol Street, Perth."

Important Caution Against the Fearful Dangers of Spurious Imitations.

THE Vice-Chancellor. Sir William Page Wood, granted an Injunction on the 10th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Nevill, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 5 lb., 11s.; 12 lb., 22s.; Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. Canisters are forwarded carriage free, on receipt of Post-Office Order.

BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, Regent Street, London; FORTNUM, MASON, & Co., 182, Piccadilly; ABBIS & Co., 60, Gracechurch Street; 63 and 150, Oxford Street; 330, Strand.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.